

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AND HER DAUGHTER.

THEY parted on the little porch of the hotel, and her eyes followed his upright figure till he entered one of the shops. He had precisely the look and bearing of a young lieutenant in the regular army. She returned to her own room strangely heartened by her talk with the ranger.

She was still pondering when her mother came in.

"How'd you sleep last night?" Lee Virginia could not bring herself to lie. "Not very well," she admitted.

"Neither did I. Fact of the matter is your coming fairly upset me. I've been kind of used up for three months. I don't know what ails me. I ought to go up to Sulphur to see a doctor, but there don't seem to be any free time I 'pear to have lost my grip. Food don't give me any strength. I saw you talking with Ross Cavanagh. There's a man. And Reddy-Reddy is what you call a fancy rancher; goes in for alfalfa and fruit and all that. He isn't in the forest service for the pay or for graft. He's got a regular palace up there above Sulphur—hot and cold water all through the house, a furnace in the cellar and two bathrooms, so they tell me; I never was in the place. You better keep out of the caddy. It ain't a fit place for you. Fact is, I wasn't expecting anything so fine as you are. I laid awake till 3 o'clock last night figuring on what to do. I reckon you'd better go back and give this out fit up as a bad job. I used to tell Ed you didn't belong to neither of us, and you don't. I can't see where you did come from—anyhow, I don't want the responsibility of having you here. Why, you'll have half the men in the county hithering to my corral. You're too good for any of them. You just plan to pack up and pull out tomorrow."

She went out with a dragging step that softened the girl's heart. Lee's daughter came nearer to loving her at this moment than at any time since her fifth year.

In truth, Lee had risen that morning intending to "tidy in and clean up the house," being suddenly conscious to some degree of the dirt and disorder around her, but she found herself physically unequal to the task. Her brain seemed mistled, and her food had been a source of keen pain to her.

She gave sharp answers to all the men who came up to ask after her daughter, and to one who remarked on the girl's good looks and demanded an introduction she said: "Get along! You fellows want to understand I'll kill the man that sets out to fool with my girl. I tell you that!"

While yet Lee Virginia was wondering how to begin the day's work some one knocked on her door, and in answer to her invitation a woman stepped in—a thin blond hag with a weak smile and watery blue eyes. "Is this little Lee Virginia?" she asked.

"The girl rose, 'Yes'."

"Well, howdy?" She extended her hand, and Lee took it. "My name's Jackson—Mrs. Orlando Jackson. I know yore pa and you before 'the war.' Are ye back for to stay?"

"No, I don't think so. Will you sit down?"

Mrs. Jackson took a seat. "Come back to see how yore ma was, I reckon? Found her pretty poorly, didn't ye?" She lowered her voice. "I think she's got cancer of the stomach—how that's my guess."

Virginia started. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, I knew a woman who went just that way. Had that same dabby, funny look—and that same distress after eatin'. I told her this mornin' she'd better go up to Sulphur and see that new doctor."

"What did you mean by 'the war'?" asked Virginia.

"Why, you remember the rustler war? We date everything out here from that year. You was here, for I saw ye."

"Oh!" exclaimed Virginia. "I understand now. Yes, I was here. I saw my father at the head of the cowboys."

"They weren't cowboys. They were hired killers from Texas. That's what let yore pa out o' the state. He were on the wrong side, and if it hadn't a been for the regular soldiers he'd a been wiped out right byer. As it was he had to skip the range and hasn't never been back. I don't 'pose folks will lay it up agin you—bein' a girl—but they couldn't no son of Ed Wetherford come back here and settle, not for a minute. Why, yore ma has had to bleed the whole county a'most—not that I lay anything up agin her. I tell folks she was that bewitched with Ed she couldn't see things any way but his way. He fought to save his ranch and stawk, but she couldn't do nothin'—and then to have him go back on her the way he did—skip out 'twixt two days and never write; that just about shot her to pieces. I never could understand that in Ed; he 'peared so mortally fond of you and of her too. He sure was fond of you." She shook her head. "No, can't anybody make me believe Ed Wetherford is alive."

Lee Virginia started. "Who say he's alive?"

"Now, don't get excited, girl. He ain't alive, but yet folks say we don't know he's dead. He jest dropped out so far as yore ma is concerned and so far as the county is concerned, but

some thought you was with him in the east."

The girl was now aware that her visitor was hoping to gain some further information and so curtly answered: "I've never seen my father since that night the soldiers came and took him away to the fort. And my mother told me he died down in Texas."

Mrs. Jackson rose. "Well, I'm glad to 've had a word with ye; but, you hear me, yore ma has got to have doctor's help or she's a-goin' to fall down some day soon."

Every word the woman uttered, every tone of her drawing voice, put Lee Virginia back into the past. She heard again the swift gallop of hoofs, saw once more the long line of armed ranchers and felt the hush of fear that lay over the little town on that fateful day. The situation became clearer in her mind. She recalled vividly the words of astonishment and hate with which the women had greeted her mother on the morning when the news came that Edward Wetherford was among the invading cattle barons—was indeed one of the leaders.

In Philadelphia the Rocky mountain states were synonyms of picturesque lawlessness, the theater of reckless

romance, and Virginia Wetherford, loyal daughter of the west, had defended it, but in the coarse phrase of this lean rancheress was pictured a land of border warfare as ruthless as that which marked the Scotland of Rob Roy.

Commonplace as the little town looked at the moment, it had been the scene of many a desperate encounter, as the girl herself could testify, for she had seen more than one man killed therein.

Then her mind came back to her mother's plight. Edna Wetherford had never been one to complain, and her groans meant real suffering.

Her mind resolved upon one thing: "She must see a doctor," she decided. And with this in mind she re-entered the cafe, where Lee was in violent altercation with a waitress.

"Mother," called Lee, "I want to see you."

With a parting volley of vituperation Mrs. Wetherford followed her daughter back into the lodging house.

"Mother," the girl began, facing her and speaking firmly, "you need help, and if the doctor here can't help you you must go to Sulphur or to Kansas City. I can run the boarding house until you get back."

Edna eyed her curiously. "Don't you go to counting on this 'chivalry of the west' which story writers put into books. Those men out here will cut you up if you don't watch out. I wouldn't dare to leave you here alone. No; what I'll do is sell the place, if I can, and both of us get out."

"But you need a doctor this minute."

"I'll be right in a little while; I'm always the worst for an hour or two after I eat. This little squirt of a local doctor gave me some dope to ease that pain, but I've got my doubts—I don't want any morphine habit in mine. No, daughter Virginia, it's mighty white of you to offer, but you don't know what you're up against when you contract to step into my shoes."

Visions of a morrow's methods about the house passed through the girl's mind. "There must be something I can do. Why don't you have the doctor come down here?"

"I might do that if I get any worse, but I hate to have you stay in the house another night. It's only fit for these games of cowboys and women like Edna Jackson. I don't care if somebody like you or Edna or Ross comes along."

"No, child; you get ready and pull out on the Sulphur stage tomorrow. I'll pay your way back to Philadelphia."

"I can't leave you now, mother. Now that I know you're ill I'm going to stay and take care of you."

Lee rose. "See here, girl, don't you go to idealizing me neither. But what the boys call an old battler, I've been through the whole war. I'm able to feed myself and pay your board besides. Just you find some decent boarding place in Sulphur, and I'll see that you have \$10 a week to live on just because you're a Wetherford."

"But I'm your daughter!"

Again Edna fixed a menacing look upon her. "I reckon if the truth was known your Aunt Sofia was nigher to being your mother than I ever was. They always said you was all Wetherford, and I reckon they were right."

[CONTINUED.]

There is Only One Pine-Tar Honey.

That is Dr. Bell's. It is the original and can be relied on in croup, coughs, colds and all lung and bronchial troubles. Look for the bell on the bottle.

QUICKLY CURES COUGHS,

COLDS AND CATARRH.

If you, dear reader, could spend an hour looking over a few of the thousands of testimonials that we have on file, you would not go on suffering from catarrh, that disgusting disease that will surely sap your vitality and weaken your entire system if allowed to continue.

You would have just as much faith in HYOMEI as we have, and we have so much confidence in its wonderful curative virtue that it is sold the country over under positive guarantee to cure catarrh, croup, sore throat, coughs and colds or money back.

No stomach dosing when you breathe HYOMEI. Just pour a few drops of the liquid into the inhaler, and breathe it in.

It is mighty pleasant to use; it opens up those stuffed-up nostrils in two minutes, and makes your head feel as clear as a bell in a short time.

Breathe HYOMEI and kill the catarrh germs. It's the only way to cure catarrh. It's the only way to get rid of that constant hawking, snuffling and spitting.

A complete HYOMEI outfit, which includes a bottle of HYOMEI and a hard rubber pocket inhaler, costs \$1.00 at Haines & Taylor and druggists everywhere. If you already own a bottle of HYOMEI you can get an extra bottle of HYOMEI for 50 cents.

"We have used HYOMEI in our family for the cure, and breaking up of coughs, colds, sore throat and catarrhal affections, and can say that it is a grand remedy worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. John Cooper, South Wayne, Mich. F23-M9

IMPORTANT RULING

The decision of the Higher Court regarding the pooled tobacco of 1907, is of vital interest to tobacco growers. The court has ruled that the Burley Tobacco Society is entitled to 20 per cent. of the price of all pooled tobacco slipped out and sold. That is, if a man pledged his tobacco to the pool and then sneaked it on the market, his contract to the Society still held and it can claim 20 per cent. of the price the tobacco brought. Under this decision of the higher court the Burley Society is going to bring suit against all the sneak poolers, the Stemming District Association could also do so, if there were any such cases.

When Baby was sick, we gave her

Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for

Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to

Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them

Castoria.

A HINT TO MINISTERS

A clergyman in a neighboring town had been much annoyed by the way members of the congregation had of looking around to take stock of late comers. After enduring it for some time he said on entering the reading desk one Sunday: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your natural desire to see who comes behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and hope that the services will then be allowed to proceed without interruption." He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way, to intipulate "Mr. Stubbins with his wife and daughter." Mr. Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the minister with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused: "Mr. Curtis and William Ciggle." The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service continued in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some newcomer. At last he said still with the most perfect gravity: "Mrs. Symos in a new bonnet." In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.—Ex.

Family Reunion And

Birth-day Dinner

Henry Swansey celebrated his fifty fourth birth-day anniversary Feb. 5, 1911. That was also the twelfth birth-day of one of his nephews, Dewey Hunt. As their birth days are on the same day they have for several years taken dinner together, but this year for a little surprise and to have a more pleasant time other relatives were invited.

About ten o'clock his brothers and sister came in bringing provisions with them. His wife was preparing dinner and when all was ready the table was bountifully loaded with all the nice things one could wish.

His aged mother was seated at the table with all her children and all enjoyed a sumptuous dinner together once more.

All her grandchildren were present but two.

Those present were his mother, Mrs. Sarah Hunt, his brothers, J. P. Swansey, W. L. Hunt and family, J. J. Hunt and family, Isaac Hunt and family, his sister, Mrs. Sarah B. Hunt and family, his son-in-law, Paul Paris and family, Willie N. Paris and wife, Rev. J. A. Hunt and family and George Swansey.

The day was spent very pleasantly and when the time came for separating each one said that they had greatly enjoyed themselves.

How thankful we feel for the privilege of meeting with and associating with our loved ones for surely that is a great pleasure and none are nearer and dearer in our affections than our families.

But while we have our family reunions here, are blessed with health and other blessings too numerous to mention, we are reminded of the great reunion where we will all be united in one happy family with our loved ones who have gone on before, and with our blessed Savior where there will be no good-byes, no parting hour.

Wish that Dewey and uncle Henry may live to enjoy many more happy birth-days and reunions as they did their last one.

His niece,

Nonie Swansey.

THERE'S NO RISK

If This Medicine Does Not Benefit You Pay Nothing

A physician who made a specialty of stomach troubles, particularly dyspepsia, after years of study perfected the formula from which Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are made.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be the greatest remedy known for the relief of acute indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. There ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is almost immediate. Their use with persistence and regularity for a short time brings about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will insure healthy appetite, aid digestion and promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes, prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain them only at—The Rexall Store.

Haynes & Taylor Carlsale street.

The Street Car Maiden

I know a maiden fond and fair, With scanty clothes and beauty rare.

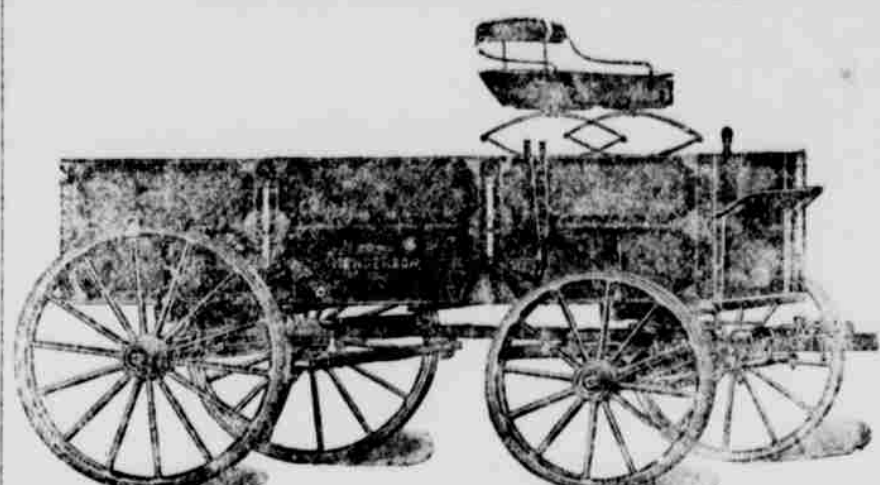
Who got on a car and paid her fare,

She could not find herself a seat, So stood erect on both her feet; She did not scowl, but just looked sweet.

She did not stamp, she did not fret, Nor brace up like a suffragette And shout 'You men will suffer yet.'

ESKEW BROTHERS.

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Protruding Piles, Itching Piles, Bleeding Piles, Pains and all diseases of the Rectum CURED under a positive GUARANTEE.

YOU PAY NOTHING UNTIL CURED. My treatment for hemorrhoids is so simple and so successful that I guarantee to cure you in 10 days or I will pay you \$10.00. I have cured thousands of cases in all parts of the world. I have cured cases that have been treated by all the famous specialists of the world. I have cured cases that have been treated by all the famous specialists of the world. I have cured cases that have been treated by all the famous specialists of the world.

SEND FOR MY 172 PAGE FREE BOOK. I will send you a free book for the cure of piles. The book contains full instructions for the cure of piles. It is written in plain English and is so simple that any one can follow it. It is a valuable book for all who suffer from piles. It is a free book and is sent to you without any charge. It is a free book and is sent to you without any charge.

Specialist, ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS. M. NEY SMITH, M. D., 1111 N. 3rd St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

But looked so sweet all men were won; Eight hundred rose as if 'twere fun

And said: "Take my seat, Little One."

I know a maid with far less hair, With clothes and beauty very rare.

Who got on a car and paid her fare, She grabbed and hunted for a seat.

But still remained upon her feet, And long performed this standing feat.

She often made a staring threat, And loud and verbal kick she let:

But, lo! the maid is standing yet Not one seat has this maiden won;

All men sit still to see the fun, And no one calls her "Little One,"

That's all. The poem now is done. —Hobbs.

Letter From North Dakota.

Defiance, N. D., Feb. 14, 1911. Editor, Record-Press,

Marion, Ky. Dear Editor:—If you will give me a small space in your good paper, I will try to write a few lines once more to my old Kentucky friends.

It has been eighteen months since I left Kentucky—must say I have enjoyed being in the northwest very much. But when it is 40 below zero here it makes me think of my old Kentucky home.

I will give some ideas of holding down a homestead in North Dakota. I filed on some land in Sept. 1909, and as we get our lumber from Hebron, forty-five miles from Defiance, I could not get my lumber to build me a house so I was compelled to dig a hole in the ground for a while to live in. I dug a hole five feet deep and covered it with straw, putting some straw inside for a bed put my blankets on the straw and oh, how I did sleep on the frosty nights from Oct. 1st, to Dec. 1st, 1909.

My land was not considered the best land in this neighborhood for I was too late to get the best. I put twelve acres in flax in 1910, which brought me \$240

and I hired out to one of my neighbors by the month and slept on my claim at night so I held down my claim and made \$50.00 per month.

Land here in 1909, could have been bought for \$12 to \$15 per acre, is now \$25 to \$40 an acre. The cause of the advance in land has been due to a railroad survey and the price of flax from \$1.00 per bushel to \$2.40.

Well, I will ring off for this time with best wishes to the Record-Press and its many readers. I remain,

Yours Respectfully,

C. E. Allison.

Compare the American Field Fence with other makes. See the difference! Made of number 11 wire through-out, except the top and bottom wire, which is No. 9.

T. H. Cochran & Co.

With the first signs of constipation you resort to the home methods of relief, such as hot or cold water on arising, lots of stewed fruit with your breakfast, etc., but what do you do when these fail?

The majority then resort to salts and purgative waters, then change to cathartic pills, etc., if you have gone through these various stages you know they were all useless, so for a permanent remedy go. Now you should try just once again, but try something practical and sensible, a remedy made and intended for the purpose you are trying to accomplish. Such a remedy, as thousands can testify, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is guaranteed to be permanent in its results. Its ingredients are such that by a brief use of it the stomach and bowels are washed and again do their work normally, so that in the end you can do away with medicines of all kinds. That it will do this Mr. G. Y. Dodson of Sanville, Va., will gladly attest, and so will Mrs. E. A. Thompson of Fortuna, O. To those who are still skeptical there is a way to prove these assertions without a penny of expense. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Caldwell and obtain a free sample bottle. After using it, if you are then convinced it is the remedy you need, buy a fifty cent or one dollar bottle of your druggist and continue to use it for a brief time until cured. The directions are simple and the dose is small. It is pleasant to the taste, does not gripe and is promptly effective, and these statements are guaranteed or money will be refunded.

This remedy is over a quarter of a century old and is personally taken by more druggists than any other similar remedy on the American market. Because of its effectiveness, purity and pleasant taste it is the ideal laxative remedy for children, women and old folks generally.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postcard or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 2400 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Constipation

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